LONG LONG AGO, THERE WAS A LITTLE WIND-UP
OOLL CREATEO BY AN ALCHEMIST.

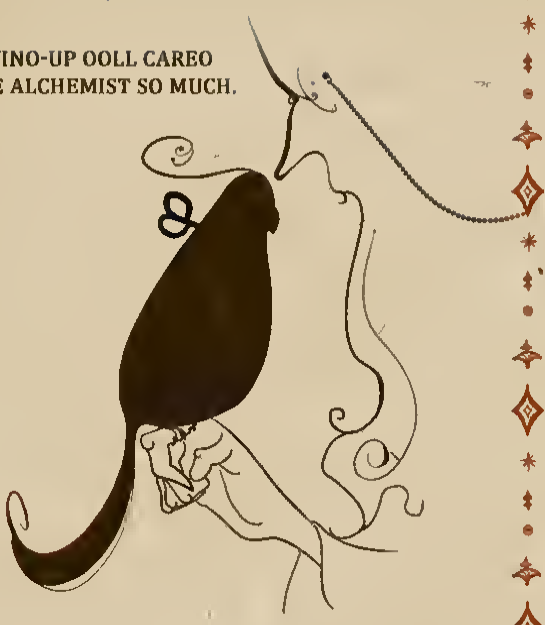
THE WINO-UP OOLL LEARNEO TO SPEAK
FROM THE ALCHEMIST,

AS WELL AS HOW TO WRITE,

HOW TO FEEL EMOTIONS,

ANO RECEIVED ALL OF HIS LOVE.

THE WINO-UP OOLL CAREO
FOR THE ALCHEMIST SO MUCH.



BUT...

WHENEVER THE ALCHEMIST TAUGHT
THE WINO-UP DOLL, HE WOULO ALWAYS SAY:

"I ALWAYS WANTED TO BRING MY SON BACK TO LIFE.

THINK OF MY SON'S COLO, DEAD BODY BENEATH
THE EARTH. ISN'T IT HEART-BREAKING?
I CAN'T STAND THIS SADNESS.

SO I'M GOING TO MAKE A SON.
I'LL GIVE HIM A WARM BODY, A HEART AND
THE BREATH OF LIFE, AND I'LL GIVE HIM
MY FAMILY NAME ANO A WONOERFUL FIRST NAME.

DOESN'T THAT SDUND GOOD?

HEARING THIS, THE WIND-UP DOLL
KNEW RIGHT AWAY.

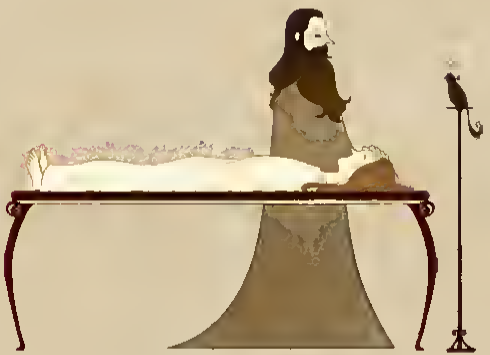
"AH... I CAN'T BECOME HIS FAMILY...
I CAN NEVER HAVE THAT NAME..."

THE ALCHEMIST DIDN'T ALLOW
THE WIND-UP OOLL TO CALL HIM "FATHER,"
AND MADE HIM ONLY CALL HIM "MASTER."

THE WIND-UP DOLL RECEIVED
PLENTY OF LOVE FROM HIS MASTER

BUT HE STILL FELT SOMEWHAT LONELY.

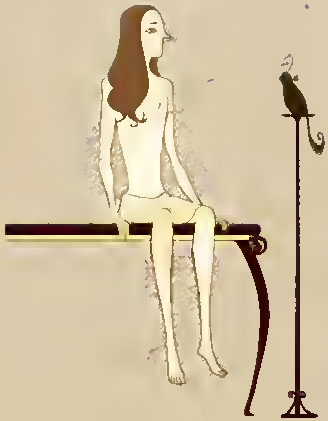
THEN ONE DAY.



"THIS IS THE "BOY" I CDMPLETED YESTERDAY.

LOOK AFTER HIM ANO TEACH HIM WELL.

JUST AS I DID FOR YOU."



JUST AS HIS MASTER REQUESTED,
THE WIND-UP DOLL LOOKED AFTER THE BIG DOLL.

HE TAUGHT HIM HOW TO SPEAK, AND HOW TO READ...

BUT

HE NEVER TAUGHT HIM HOW TO FEEL.

BECAUSE THE WIND-UP DOLL KNEW

THE MOMENT THAT DOLL LEARNS TO FEEL,

MY MASTER WILL ABANDON ME.

WHY AREN'T YOU CLEANING?

...NO REASON.

NO REASON?

WHAT'S THIS FEELING? IT'S SO WARM.

THAT'S BECAUSE SUNLIGHT IS SUPPOSED TO BE WARM.

IT'S NOT JUST SIMPLY WARM.

IT'S LIKE THERE'S SOMETHING ROLLING
AROUNO IN MY HEART.

THE FEELING IS GRAOUALLY SPREAOING

TO MY FINGERTIPS,

THE TIPS OF MY TOES,

ANO THE ENDS OF MY HAIR.

I JUST WANT TO CLOSE MY EYES ANO BE STILL.

AT THIS MOMENT, THE WIND-UP OOLL
WAS EXTREMELY ANXIOUS.

"WHAT IF HE BECOMES MASTER'S FAMILY?"

THE WINO-UP OOLL THOUGHT ABOUT IT OVER ANO OVER.

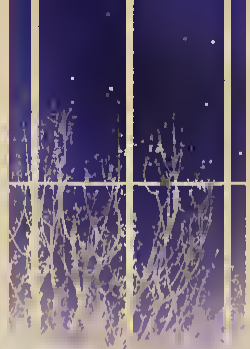
AND HE FINALLY REACHEO A CONCLUSION.

RUN WHILE YOU CAN!
MASTER IS GOING TO KILL YOU SOON!
LOOK AT THEM!
YOU'LL BE CUT UP INTO PIECES JUST LIKE THEM

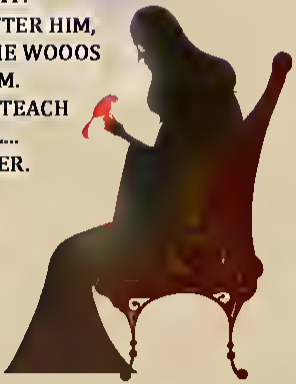
THE WIND-UP DOLL ENDED UP DRIVING
THE BIG DOLL OUT.

AFTER FINALLY DEVELOPING EMOTIONS,
THE BIG DOLL RAN FROM THE HOUSE IN FEAR AND
VANISHED INTO THE FOREST.

SO WHAT HAPPENED
TO THAT "BOY"?



HE RAN AWAY.
I TRIED RUNNING AFTER HIM,
BUT HE RAN INTO THE WOOOS
SO I LOST HIM.
I WAS TRYING TO TEACH
HIM TD FEEL...
SORRY, MASTER.



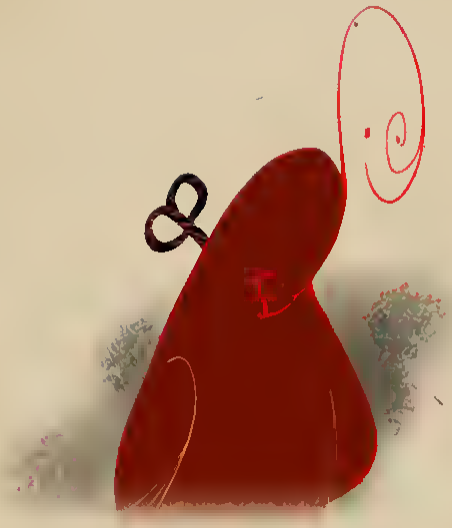
IF HE WENT INTO THE WOODS...
THEN HE WDN'T BE SAFE.
HE'LL END UP BEING RIPPED TO
SHREOS BY THE WOLVES.

...YOU WON'T

HATE ME, WILL YOU?

WHY WOULD I HATE YOU? IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT.

THE ALCHEMIST HELD THE WIND-UP DOLL TIGHTLY IN HIS ARMS.



FEELING HIS EMBRACE,
THE DOLL GAVE A SMILE OF RELIEF.

A LONG TIME PASSED AFTER THAT.

"NOW, I'LL NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN."

ONCE AGAIN, THE WIND-UP DOLL TAUGHT THE NEW DOLL.

EVERYTHING EXCEPT EMOTIONS,
OF COURSE...

"HOW IS THE 'THING' THIS TIME?"
"STILL NO EMOTIONS."

"BUT I'M STILL TEACHING HIM."

"I SEE..."

"TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT."

"THOSE ARE
WILD FLOWERS.
THEY USUALLY BLOOM
IN SPRING."

"WILD FLDWERS...
DON'T THEY HAVE NAMES?"
"THEY'RE JUST CALLED
WILD FLDWERS."
"IT'D BE NICE IF THEY HAD
NAMES THDUGH."
"...NDT JUST ANYTHING CAN HAVE A NAME.
LIKE THESE FLOWERS,

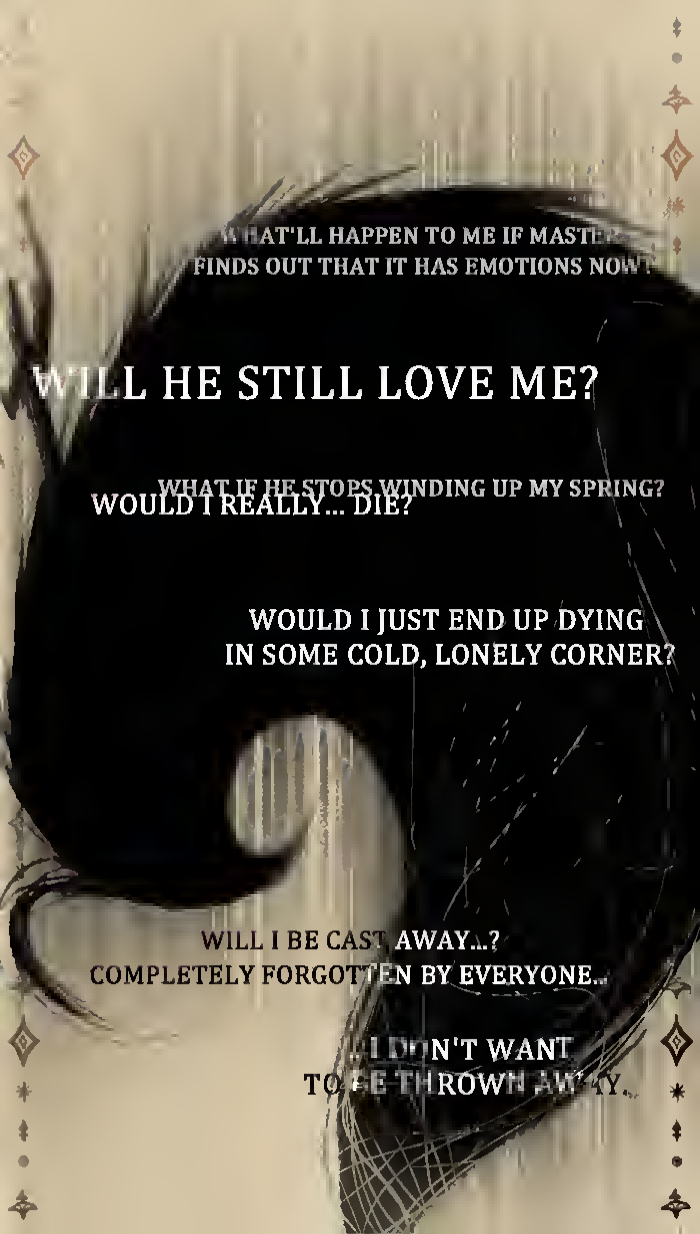
OR YOU."

"WHY OO YOU KEEP STARING AT THE FLOWERS?"

"I DON'T HAVE ANY REAL REASON FOR STARING AT THEM."

"I JUST...
WANT TO STARE AT THEM."

THE WIND-UP DOLL BECAME AFRAID AGAIN.


WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ME IF MASTER
FINDS OUT THAT IT HAS EMOTIONS NOW?
WILL HE STILL LOVE ME?
WHAT IF HE STOPS WINDING UP MY SPRING?
WOULD I REALLY... DIE?
WOULD I JUST END UP DYING
IN SOME COLD, LONELY CORNER?
WILL I BE CAST AWAY...?
COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN BY EVERYONE...
...I DON'T WANT
TO BE THROWN AWAY...

I DON'T WANT TO BE ALONE. I-

AT THAT MOMENT, THE WIND-UP DOLL SAW THE ALCHEMIST BEFORE HIS EYES.

HIS WHITE, FADED HAIR,
HIS WRINKLE-COVERED FACE,
THAT WEAK, TREMBLING BODY,
AND THOSE DULL EYES.

THE WIND-UP DOLL THOUGHT TO HIMSELF,

"HOW MUCH LONGER WILL MASTER BE ABLE TO STAY WITH ME?"

AND HE STARED AT THE DOLL.

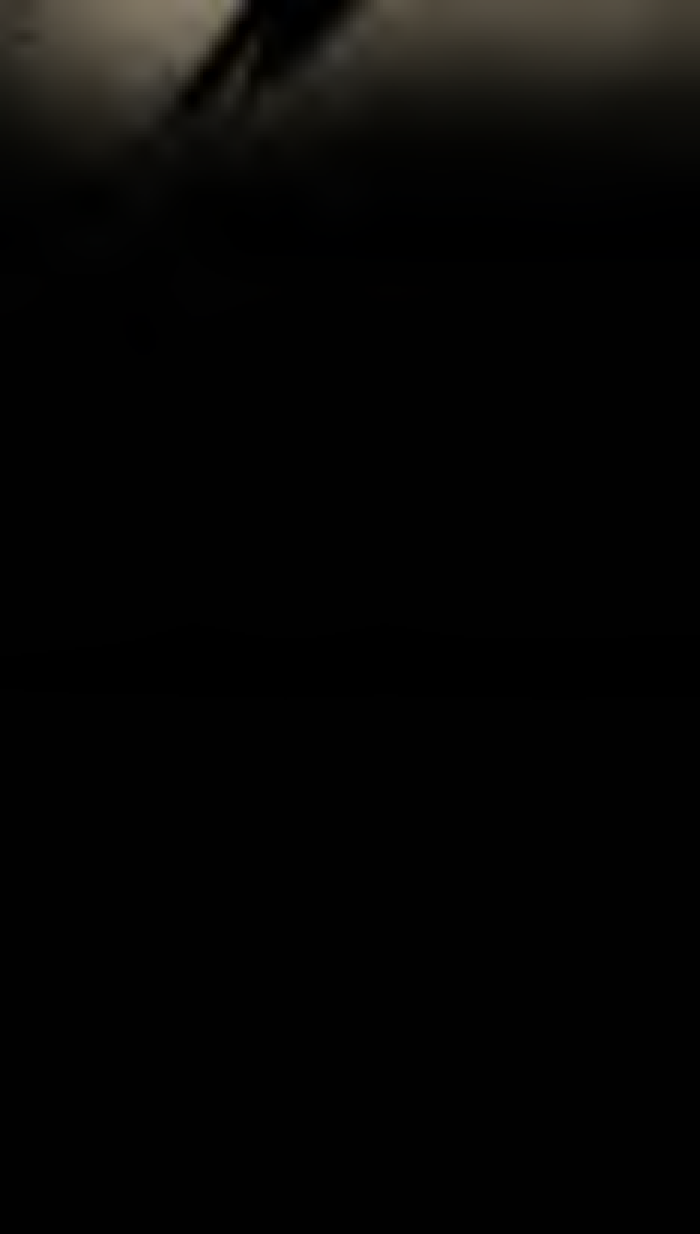
A DOLL WHOSE YOUTH WOULD NEVER CHANGE

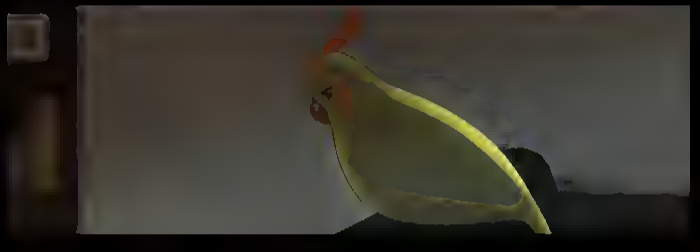
NO MATTER HOW MUCH TIME PASSES

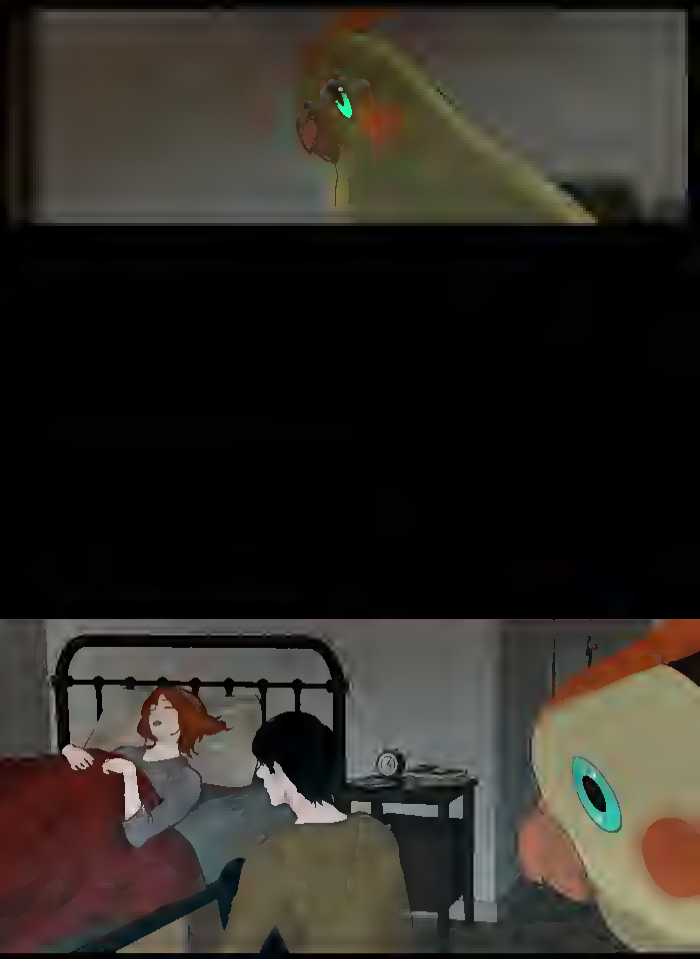
THE WIND-UP DOLL SMILED.

A BRIGHTER SMILE THAN
EVER BEFORE.

I DON'T WANT TO
BE ALONE.







WOOSH
PUSH
I DON'T MIND BEING COLD... SO LET'S JUST GO HOME.
I HATE BEING HERE.

.....
WHY AREN'T YOU SAYING ANYTHING?
ANSWER ME! YOU PROMISED YOU'D GO WITH ME!!
YOU SAID WE'D GO BACK TO OUR ORIGINAL HOME!!!
...WE'LL STILL GO.
BUT I WANT TO REPAY JANE FOR EVERYTHING SHE'S DONE

YOU WANT TO REPAY HER?
YOU?
WHAT HAS SHE DONE FOR YOU?

I'VE GOTTEN A LOT OF THINGS FROM HER.

TO REPAY HER,
I WANT TO FINISH
TELLING HER THE STORY
THAT I SAID I WOULD.
SNORE
THEN
WE'LL LEAVE,
ROY.
I PROMISE.

‘DON’T WANT TO BE ALONE.’

Winter Woods

STORY BY COSMOS

ART BY VAN JI

ASSISTANT HYENSEO LEE

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